

The
Sotoyoman

November 1911

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In Memoriam

Henry James Price

BORN JANUARY 30, 1894.

DIED AUGUST 26, 1911

Harrison C. Wrenn

BORN SEPTEMBER 24, 1894.

DIED OCTOBER 14, 1911

"They passed through Glory's morning gate and walked in Paradise"

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THE SOTOYOMAN

Vol. VIII

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER, 1911

No. 1

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Little Freshies

At first they acted all afraid,
But now they just act green;
The first few days of school were hard—
The worst they'd ever seen.

They got their classes all mixed up,
And oft-times lessons two—
They went wrong ways—and thru wrong doors,
They knew not what to do!

The Sophomores, all so gay and free,
Did naught all day but tease;
The care-free Juniors did the same—
Thus were they ill at ease.

The Seniors, grave and dignified,
The would not lend *their* aid;
The Freshie babies all denied
That they were *much* afraid!

The teachers were all strange and new,
Some cross, (and some were kind):
The Infants' hair stood up on end,
At the lessons that were assigned.

Never-the-less, they faced it all—
The things so strange and new.
O yes! They're getting brave—but still,
They keep their verdant hue!

—E. A., '12

A Night in the Silver Mine

Every one on Madrona Rancho was extremely happy on this particular Friday, for Molly was to arrive on the next day at the little station a few miles down the deep blue canyon.

Molly is the daughter of Mr. Shelford, commonly called "The Silver King," who is the richest man for miles around the little town of Colfax. He owned several extensive silver mines besides his enormous mountain ranch, the scene of Molly's childhood. Her mother, a kind hearted little lady, died when Molly was but a very small child, leaving her and the baby, Fred, to the care of the father. She soon became mistress of the house, and her father's admiring eyes saw her develop into a charming young lady. She grew in beauty like the mountain lily and all fell immediate victims to her grace and charm. Madrona Rancho was a ring without the diamond when she was absent. Thus can better be imagined than described the scene of farewell when Molly was to go East to a boarding school, likewise the delight at the news of the return of the "pet of the ranch."

Fred, eager to behold his beloved sister saddled her pony, Firefly, and mounting his own, set out to the station. When the afternoon train came to a stop, a beautiful young lady stepped from the car, and seeing Fred, flew to greet him. Then having paid her respects to Firefly, she mounted with perfect ease and led the way over the familiar road. As they jogged along, they chatted happily making plans for the morrow.

"I'll tell you, lets go to papa's Mammoth Mine up the Left Fork," exclaimed Molly, delighted, as a child over the plan.

"That's a go," assented Fred readily.

When the huge bungalow came into view they saw a group seated on the wide piazza. It was a strange group, consisting of everyone from the Chinese cook to the superintendent of the mines. A warm welcome was given to Molly, and as it grew dusky, Molly fled to her room to change her traveling suit for a cool white gown.

It was a joyful supper, for all were in particularly good spirits. When the meal was over they sat long into the night on the wide piazza, enjoying the lovely Indian evening.

On the following morning the early sun saw Molly and Fred well started on the long and brushy trail that led to the Mammoth Mine. They climbed up steep trails, down deep ravines, and through dense undergrowths.

At noon-day they tied the horses near the mine and untying the lunch, Molly led the way to the gaping mouth of the mine. It seemed

very lonely and deserted, since it was a holiday for the men.

"Shall we take a guide,?" asked Fred with a cautious air.

"I should say not," Molly responded chidingly. "We are not children now, you know."

Fred admired her courage, and lighting candles, they began the dangerous tour of the mine; Molly leading fearlessly and Fred following. They passed over many dangerous shafts, and at last reached the junction of the two main shafts. Fred left the lunch there and a few wraps.

"What time is it, Fred?"

"Just four," he replied.

"I move that we eat." So saying she unpacked the box of food, and spread the tempting lunch with the quickness of an experienced housewife. Just as they were seated in Indian fashion upon the ground, a warm current of air extinguished the candle and made a hollow roar through the cave. Immediately there followed a deafening crash.

Molly turned ghastly pale, so that Fred began to fear that she would spoil the splendid bravery she had shown, by fainting. Always courageous in time of danger, Fred soothed her with kindest words of encouragement. He groped about in the darkness for a match and having re-lighted the candles they cautiously traced their steps toward the entrance. Rounding the turn of the drift which should have led them to the opening, they saw only a mass of debris, huge stones and splintered timbers blocking the way. On seeing this Molly gave a little cry, betraying the fact that all hope was gone. Even Fred turned pale when he realized their position.

"We are lost," gasped Molly in a strained whisper.

"Cheer up, sis," retorted Fred with a forced smile. "Let's go back and eat our lunch."

Molly did not answer, but clinging to his arm returned to the junction of the shafts.

"Father will think we are dead," came from the girl in a broken voice. Fred could not deny it, so remained speechless. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was six o'clock. Leaving Molly he walked again to the entrance. He inspected the place with a faint hope of digging his way out but this was baffled when he remembered that it was thirty yards to the entrance. He returned to Molly and endeavored to whistle.

"Let's eat our lunch. I am fearfully hungry," he said with forced gayety.

But Molly could not respond to his pretended

brightness. He seized a sandwich and began eating as though famished.

"I move we take a nap," said Fred with a yawn and he stretched himself upon the damp earth. Soon he closed his eyes in mock sleep, attempting to decoy his sister into doing likewise. In half an hour she yielded, following Fred's example. Soon her eyes closed in that refreshing sleep which relieves the troubled mind. Fred racked his brains for some plan of escape, but wearied at last he too began to slumber.

Meanwhile the mine-hands who lived not far away, having seen the disaster, were in great anxiety for the two unfortunates. They immediately sent a message to the father, who after giving the alarm on the ranch, set out at a remarkable pace for a man of sixty.

When all were assembled Mr. Shelford, with tears in his eyes, said in a voice that trembled, "If you will bring my son and daughter alive to me, I will reward every soul included in this day's work."

The men set to work, a few for love of the

reward, but most of them for the love of the victims within. They worked on and on by the light of the lanterns. At twelve the work was but half completed.

To Fred the night wore slowly on as he watched over his sleeping sister. A smile had crept to her lips, but as she awoke, the smile fled, when she became conscious of her position. It had become so close that they silently crept to the scene of the disaster. Fred saw that it was six in the morning. "Hark! do you hear that?" They listened breathlessly to the dull thuds coming from the entrance.

"They're digging us out! Oh they're digging us out!" and Molly clasped her hands while her cheeks glowed with excitement. They waited anxiously for a gleam of light. Suddenly the bright ray of the early morning sun shot in and there, yes there, was the old bent form of the "Silver King." Molly flew to him, and clung a lifeless burden in his arms.

By many evening fires Molly's grandchildren are excited by the story of their grandmother's adventure in the Silver Mine.

F. D. '13



Letters of a Freshman

Sept. 3, 1911

Dear Mother:—

This is the second day of school and maybe you think we didn't know it. Yesterday everything went so smooth that we freshies thought they wasn't going to do anything to us, but today they ruffled us pretty bad. Of course they didn't bother me any 'cause I know how to fight, but the other kids, some of them, went home crying because the big kids took their hats and neckties. I guess it was pretty bad for them to go bare-headed.

I hate to tell you but this after-noon when I was studying like I most always do, somebody threw a book at me and hurt my left ear terribly. The teacher didn't see it so I didn't make a fuss, just picked it up. Just then a green orange bounded on my back and it made such a loud noise that the teacher looked up and asked what was the matter. I showed her the book and the orange and she just kinda smiled, and said something about keeping better order in the study periods. I don't think I'll like her much.

Oh, mama! I wish you could see all the pretty girls in the upper-classes. If only my hair was not so pinkish and my nose so pug! I think my algebra teacher likes me a little 'cause she always calls on me when I know the question and besides she always smiles at me.

Mother, dear, will you please tell papa to send me some more money as I lost most of what I had and I need a lot of books.

There is a boy in my class whose hair is a little lighter than mine. They call him "Pepper and Salt." This morning after recess he came in with the fiercest red hair imaginable. The big boys had put red chalk all over it, and made him go up-stairs that way. O how every body laughed.

Oh mama! do you know anyway of getting Indian ink off your face? If you do, I wish you'd let me know. A friend of mine got a lot of it on his face and it won't come off for anything.

Our history teacher gave us a tremendous lesson. I guess I'll have to study all night.

So good bye mother,
Ever your son, —PETER.

September 10, 1911

Dear brother Percival:—Before you read any of this promise we you won't show it to ma. I told her they did not ruff me, but, by Jimmeny, they did. They took all the money I had in my pocket except thirty cents, and treated themselves ti ice cream. Gee! I wish Pa would hurry up and send me some money. A whole week I've tried to get that India ink off my face, but "it sticketh closer than a brother." I had to borrow

an old man's cap to wear to school, 'cause all my hats are spoiled. They cut up my best one in four hundred dozen pieces, and said they were proving some geo-ma-trig-onometric problems, or examples, or something.

Mrs. Pat O'Flannigan lives lives across the street from where I board. She'd talk your hat off if you gave her half a chance. She seems terribly interested in me, and every day for a week she's been pestering me about goodness only knows what. Her greatest hobby is woman suffrage.

Don't tell ma, but they nearly smothered me and a couple of other kids a few days ago. At recess some of the big fellows jumped on us, searched our pockets and took our knives. Then we were chucked into a big hop sack and suspended from the rafters in the wood-shed. The bell rang and every last one of 'em went up-stairs. About five minutes passed—still no one came. I got so stifling hot that I tried to make an air hole in the sack, and in doing so I nearly busted a tooth. Just a little while after that, a horrid Soph came down and let us out. We went up stairs and one of the kids told the Professor about it. He'll make it warm for the leaders, I bet. Some have been kicked out already, for a month. Gee whiz! I wish you'd kind of put me wise about how to do when they haze you. As ever

PETER.

October 12, 1911

Dear Sister:—School is dandy—in class-rooms, —but fierce out-doors for some of us. Some pretty funny things happened in Latin the other day. We were doing some translating, and this is what Pepper-and-Salt said: "Equi—horse, and nox—night; therefore, equinox means nightmare". Another time he tried to translate "absentem amicum"; he thought it meant, "the girl I left behind me."

We had an algebra ex a few days ago, and the teacher was pretty well on the look-out for all "cheats". On my way to school that morning, Mrs. Pat O'Flannigan halted me to ask me to pay her butcher bill. I put it in my pocket and forgot all about it until about the middle of the ex., when I involuntarily took it from my pocket and looked at it. There is a rule that all notes found in class-time shall be read aloud. So the teacher immediately demanded it and began reading:

"13 pounds beef steak at 14 cents .. \$1.82
22 lamb chops at 7 cents \$1.54"

That was as far as she got, for by that time everyone was laughing softly, while the teacher blushing deposited the bill in her desk-drawer. Then we went on with the ex. With lots of love to all at home, as ever,

—PETER
E. E. '14

The Junior Party

The Juniors of the S—— High School were going to have a class party. Mary Gates, who had not been at the meeting when it was decided, was told the news by her excited friend Ethel Dearborn, the following Monday at school.

"We are going to have it next Friday night, Mary," she said, "be sure and come!"

Mary smilingly promised, and turned away, only to find herself confronted by one of the girls who, armed with pencil and paper, told her what to bring with her to the party.

"Why was it," Mary said, as she hurried home Friday afternoon, "that things would go wrong when one was in a hurry?"

It was her intention to hasten home, but no sooner had she left the Assembly Hall, when remembering that her home work in mathematics had been left there, she had gone back for it. Then, too, the day had been unusually warm, so none of the pupils felt like working, and consequently all the teachers were cross.

A sudden thud aroused Mary to the fact that for the third time in fifteen minutes she had let her books fall upon the sidewalk. With considerable exasperation she picked them up and continued on her homeward way.

Upon her arrival home, having bumped into her mother in the hall with a force that scattered her books broadcast again, Mary hurried into the pantry to get the candy she had made

that morning. But when she opened the door, what a sight met her eyes! On the floor lay the platter of candy, and, with all four feet deeply imbedded and entangled in it, stood the family cat. An open pantry window showed how she had gone in.

When Mary recovered from the shock, she disentangled the cat and threw out the candy. She thought with a sigh of her morning's work over the candy, but a glance at the clock set her making the fire in hot haste. Of course, the stove smoked and the water in the kettle would not heat. She might have known that!

Supper was gone through some how, and she hurried to her room to dress. Yes, the button-hook had disappeared somewhere, and try, as she might, she could not fasten her dress, just because she was in a hurry.

In the midst of Mary's preparations her chum Lucy ran in. "Why, where are you going?" She asked in surprise.

"Where am I going?" Returned Mary in equal surprise. "To the Junior party, of course. Aren't you?"

"Well, no, I'm not, as it won't be until next Friday," returned Lucy with a burst of laughter. I just came over to ask you to go down town with me, will you?"

"Not until next Friday!" and Mary tumbled into a nearby chair to recover her breath. "Yes, let's go down town, by all means!"



Thanksgiving

Our Pilgrim Fathers first started the good old fashion of giving thanks for benefits received throughout the year. This custom is still more or less regularly followed. Since Thanksgiving Day comes this month we would like to say just a word in regard to thankfulness. The staff is rejoicing because of the spirit of willingness that was manifested in the editing of this journal. Remember, Students, the

paper is yours—it's fate is largely in your hands, If you fail to contribute of your talents, the staff is not to blame, and when you fail the paper suffers. The staff, you know, is not doing the work for their edification, but they are doing it for the good of the school! Therefore it is but fair to ask that your interest shall be enlisted in this work, Write a little rhyme—a jingle—a joke! All, all are acceptable.



FRESHMEN

CHARACTERISTICS



Bernice Jagers	Bright Jabberer	Helen Rocca	Hard Reasoner
Charlie Ackerman	Conscientious Aimer	Homer Kruse	Humble Kid
Charmion Bradley	Cheerful Borrower	Harold Hiatt	Happy Hearted
Clyde Rickman	Cleverly Righteous	Herbert Byers	Honey Boy
Clare Schwab	Cute Smile	Jean Tevendale	Jealous Tease
Doris Ainsworth	Daintly Appearing	Lydon Mothorn	Loquacious Magnitude
Eda Beeson	Ever Blushing	Lenore Foppiano	Learning Fast
Edna Haigh	Entirely Haughty	Lewis Hotchkiss	Learned Historian
Elmer Sandborn	Enticing Smile	Lucille Byington	Little Bashful
Elvira Lowrey	Ever Laughing	Lorraine McDonough	Little Midget
Frieda Storey	Forcibly Sedate	Mary McCutchen	Merciful Mary
Foreman Landers	Frequently Loitering	Roulfe Kahmen	Right Classy
Florence Wallace	Gladsome Sinner	Russel Stevens	Really Stunning
Hazel Goddard	Heavenward Going	Roy Higgins	Real Healthy
Helen Murray	Happy Maiden	Ward Grant	Wisely Growing
Helen Hilgerloh	Hard Hearted	William York	Willful Youngster
Helen Rine	Heedless Ryhmer	Willie Dennis	Winsome Doll
		Willie Rowland	Without Reason





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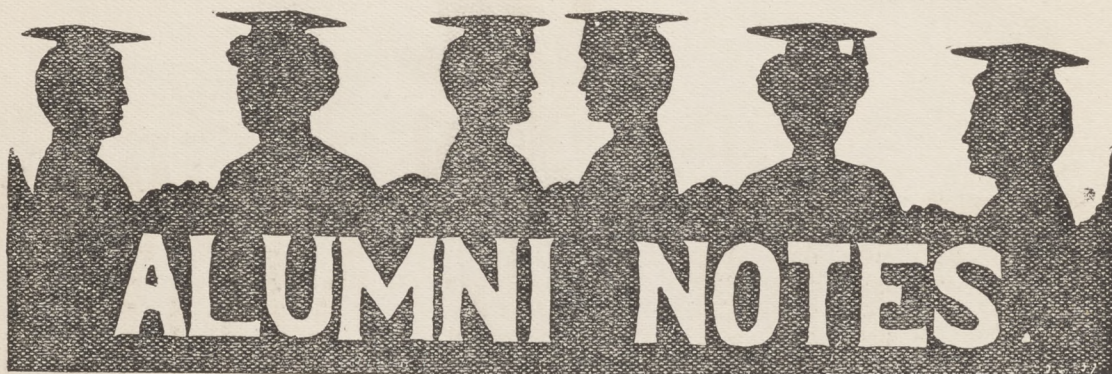
Again we have with us our instructors—Mr. Bull, Mr. Hinchey, Miss Studley, Miss Jarmon and Miss Harmon, all save Miss Wilkins, who we regret has accepted a position at El Centro. In her place we have Miss Larson, whom we loved at first sight. We hope that the time she spends here may be a pleasant one to her.

Once again we have passed that sad time the Senior class must leave us. But since joy and sorrow ever travel hand in hand, we have but to look at the immense Freshmen class if we would gladden our hearts. Large numbers are of course always desirable and so, Freshmen, we bid you a very hearty welcome! We sincerely wish each one of you success in every department of your high school work! faculty h h q-

Although it has been customary here-to-fore to begin the year with an October number, the present staff deemed it advisable to begin with the November issue. This was done for several reasons, chiefly because of a lack of time.

SOME FRESHIE DONT'S

1. Don't start the habit of dancing on the upper classmens' feet. Keep on your own.
2. Don't make faces behind the teachers' backs. Their eyes are in front and they can't appreciate the cleverness.
3. Don't bring your gum to school. Stick it under the table before leaving home.
4. Don't sharpen your pencil too often; we realize the amusement, but it's expensive.
5. Don't stick around the Seniors. You're sure to show your ignorance.
6. Don't wipe your pen on your socks. They've been dyed before.
7. Don't squander your dad's hard-earned nickles, except to treat the upper class men



The Misses Gladys Hall, '10, Audrey Walters, '10, Helen Meisner, '11, Elva Beeson, '11, and Isabel Carter, '11 are home from the San Francisco Normal for their fall vacation.

Clara Moody '11 has a position as assistant in the Geyserville Post Office.

Joe Thompson '11 is attending the Santa Rosa Business College.

Miss Addie Crispin '08 is teaching the Manzanita School this year.

Halsey Rine '09, is a student at Anguins College, St. Helena, studying Greek and Hebrew.

Ethel Poe, ex. '12 is a student at Anafy High, Sebastopol.

Beth Fox '09 is teaching at the Bodega district.

Emily Mothorn ex '12 and Fannie Phillips '10 are attending the Santa Rosa Normal.

Basil Hall '09 is a school master in the southern part of the state.

Bertha Myer is teaching at Independence, her home school town, near Geyserville.

Everett Lampson has a position as clerk in Remmel's Dep't Store at Geyserville.

La Claire Schultz '11 and Clare Doran '11 are pursuing their studies at the University of California.

Hazel Lodge '11 and Evelyn Goddard '11 are back with us this year.

Leatha Brown '11, Leila Yarbrough '11, Effa Grant, '11, and Vera Nelligan are spending their time at home.

La Vergne Hoadly '11, Laura Day '11, and Elizabeth Gallaway '11, are attending the San Jose Normal. Lucille Bolles '03 is working at Bodge's Store. May Banks '09 is teaching at the Graps School district.

Misses Geneveive Gladden '11 and her sister Geneva Gladden '10 are studying at the San Jose Normal.

Edwin Kent '09 is teaching at the Oriental District at Geyserville.

Hetty Kent '08 is teaching at Petaluma,

High School Athletics

McCutcheon took third in the shot-put and fourth in the 220 Hurdles.

Byington won third in the Hammer throw.

Hicklin took third in the High jumps.

Phillips took fourth in the shot-put.

Bagley took fourth in the discus.

Our relay team took third place, being beat out for second by a slight margin. The team was made up of Eldridge, McCutcheon, Jeffry, Bagley, Jones and Briggs.

The next meet will be the A. A. L. at Berkeley. Our team will consist of only two men, Briggs and Eldridge.

Basket Ball will be taken up about the first of November. Since nearly all the men were on last years' team are back, we are hopeful of having a strong line up.

SCHOOL



NOTES

The classes have organized with the following officers:

In the Senior Class, Weaver Bagley is president, Florence Upson, vice-president and John Bruce, secretary and treasurer. In the Junior Class Wayland Bagley, president Benonia Jones, secretary and treasurer. In the Sophomore Class, Edgar Briggs is president, Arthur Clark, vice-president and Nellie Robison, secretary and treasurer. In the Freshman Class William York was elected president, Ward Grant vice-president and William Dennis secretary and treasurer.

The Student-body offices are the following:

Weaver Bagley *President*
 Floyd Darby *Vice-president*
 Harold Phillips *Sec'y-treasurer*
 Gretchen Hall *Clerk of the Senate*

Miss Kate Hale, Supt. of Schools, and Miss Genevieve Lashier, of the Union Pacific College, visited school on the afternoon of September 26.

Emily Mothorn ex '12 visited one day last month.

Other visitors of the "Eleven Cass" were: Lela Yarbrough, Leona Will, Leatha Brown, Elva Beeson, Helen Meisner, and Isabel Carter.

Bessie Flewelling was forced to stay at home for a week last month because of illness.

Miss Harmon and Miss Jarmon were visitors in San Francisco last month.

Gretchen Hall spent a few days at the metropolis in October.

Mr. N. A Seipel visited one afternoon

Mr. Bull is giving us fifteen minute talks each day upon the subject, "Ethics." These are very entertaining and instructive as well.



Social Notes

The first social event of the school year came on Friday night, Sept, 29. It was in the manner of a reception tended the "Freshies" by the upper classes. The hall was crowded and this was perhaps one of the largest High School functions we have ever had. The Freshmen came in great numbers, some bringing their mamas with them while others were more inclined toward bravery and ventured out alone. (?)

After everyone had assembled dancing was in order for sometime after which "Tucker," "Virginia Reel," "Chase the Squirrel" and other games were engaged in. The "Freshies" were given no chance to hide behind the upperclassmen or the piano, for as soon as the games were announced they were pushed to the front, given partners and the games were explained to the uninitiated. These games, which are always

great favorites, were played until about midnight, when the grand march was announced and everyone marched around the hall to the strains of the music, while tempting refreshments were handed each one as they passed the booth arranged by the refreshment committee. After supper dancing was again engaged in followed by "Tucker," which was played until the upperclassmen, thinking it was time "little folks" should retire, said good night, and all departed, all declaring that they had had the time of their lives.

We were not alone in our good times for we had with us almost the entire faculty and also many of the alumni. Among the outside visitors with us were: Mrs. Coffman, Mrs. McDonough, Mrs. Haigh, Mrs. Byington, Mrs. Beeson, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Bodge, Miss White and Miss Bush and Mr. Bush of Cloverdale.



Our Departed Ones

One whom we have all known and loved dearly, passed away this summer into the world beyond. While yet in the morn of youth, Henry James Price became ill at his home near Lytton and in fourteen days his suffering was forever ended.

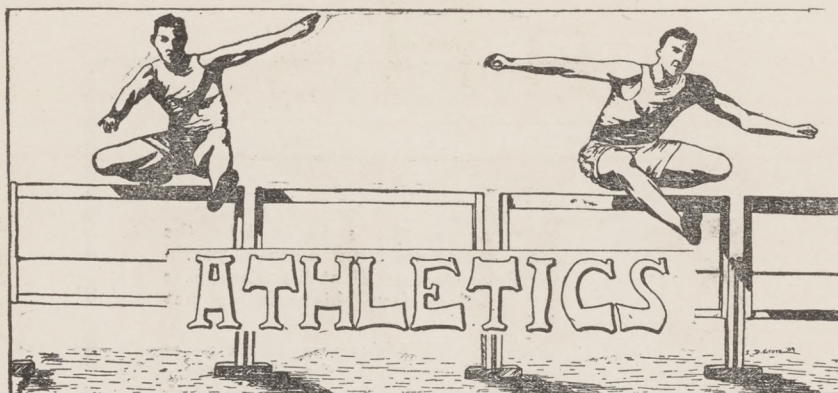
He was born in Healdsburg seventeen years ago, and was graduated from the Healdsburg Grammar School. In 1909 he entered the High School with the class of 1913. To his school he was honest and true, ever ready to lend assistance in whatever capacity he was called upon. He was our Yell Leader and in athletics and the Senate he took an active part.

A happy care free boy was he—fond of teasing—and a cheerful mischief maker. When he was near gloomy silence was quickly dispelled like-wise was the peace and quiet of the study hall oft times banished because of his love for fun. For all of that we loved our "Jimmie" well. Sad indeed was the blow that took him from our midst.

Just as the paper was sent to the press, the sad and unexpected news came of the death of Harrison Wren.

He was born in Oregon on September 26, 1894. A few years ago he came to Oakland with his parents, where he first entered the High School. In January, 1910, he moved to Healdsburg and entered the High School here with the Class of 1913, taking up the commercial work. He was an ambitious boy, anxious to take up a position with his brother who is living in Oregon at the present time.

In order to pay for the little expenses connected with his schooling he was employed at Snook's Packing House and it was here that he met with the cruel accident which ended his short career. He was an honest true hearted boy; in him have we lost a loyal school-mate. To the bereaved relatives and friends do we offer the most heart-felt sympathy.



As we have become somewhat settled in our school work now, we begin to think about Basket Ball. We have obtained Fox's Hall for our use this year, and have already practiced a few times. Our players, who graduated last year, are very much missed. They were, in fact, the pinciple part of the team and we find a great many vacant positions to be filled by new players.

Among the Freshmen are some promising players, who should make the team with a little

steady practising. They have taken hold with a vim and are a great addition to our girl's athletics.

Dr. Kinley will coach us again this year, and we certainly appreciate his lasting interest and faithfulness. He says we have the material for a splendid team if we will only practice.

Let us hope, then, that our interest will not lessen and that we will win many victories to the glory of dear old H. H. S.

Boys Athletics

School, having opened rather late this year, gave us but little time to train for our first meet which was held Oct. 7. We had just three weeks in which to train, and therefore no one was in the best of condition. We placed all our hopes on the veterans to hold up the school, which they did in grand fashion.

Though we have some splendid new material this year, the meets are so early that thus far we had not time to develope them.

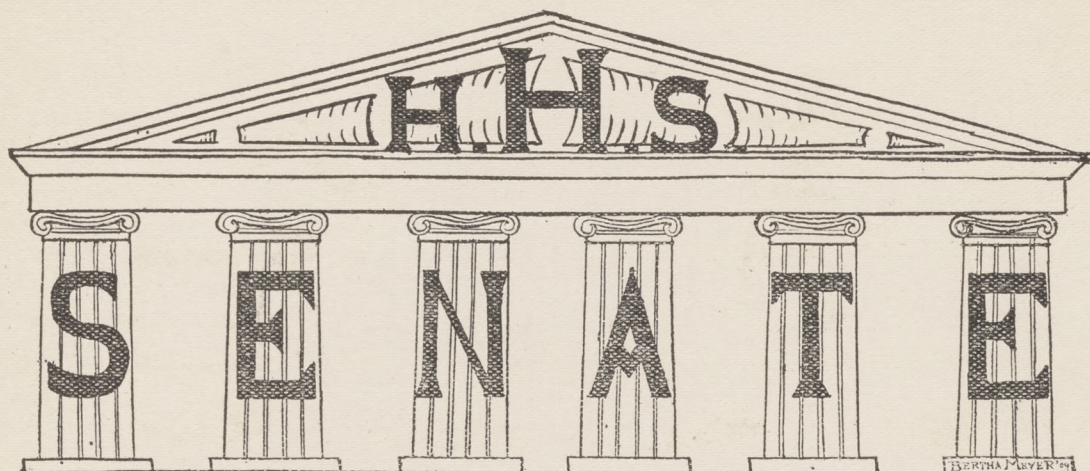
The Northwestern Sub-eLague and Field meet was held on the Santa Rosa race track Saturday, Oct. 7. The meet was very exciting from beginning to end. Santa Rosa won with

Willits second and H. H. S. third at a score of 26 points. Clay of Willits broke the hundred yard record in the fast time of ten and fifth seconds. Caughey of Ukiah broke the discus record with a throw of one hundred and five feet.

The discus record was formerly held by Scatena of Healdsburg.

Briggs was the star of our team. He took first in the 220 yd. dash in the fast time of twenty-three flat, and second in the hundred, netting him eight points for his school.

Eldridge, having been hurt recently, was not able to pole-vault but took second in both the hight and broad jump.



The first meeting of the Senate will be held October 20. We hope the Freshmen will take an active part in our Senate this year.

The following is a list of the Senators:

Maine, Violet Yarbrough, Ward Grant. New Hampshire, Edith Warren, Lenore Foppiano. Vermont, Florence Upson, Lydon Mothorn. Massachusetts, Zella Rine, Harold Hiatt. Connecticut, William Massoni, Helen Murray. Rhode Island, Willard Morrison, Lorraine McDonough. New York, Hazel Lodge, Floyd Darby, William York. Pennsylvania, Mary Levendusky, Foreman Landers. New Jersey, Ethel Kruse, Selwyn Elledge. Virginia, Clare Schwab, Rolph Kahman, Gretchen Hall. West Virginia, Evelyn Goddard, Laura Destrael. Maryland, Bessie Flewelling, Mary McCutchen. North Carolina, Helen Emmrich, Homer Kruse. South Carolina, Hilda Emmrich, William Dennis. Georgia, Beryl Dewey, Bernice Jagers. Florida, John Bruce. Hazel Goddard, Alabama, Weaver Bagley. Ruth Hunter. Tennessee, Clara Allen, Louis Hotchkiss. Kentucky, Elizabeth Allen, Russel Stevens, Helen Hilgerloh. Ohio, Arthur Small, Edna Haigh. Indiana, William Rieves, Helen Rine. Illinois, Harold Phillips, Bessie Robinson. Iowa, Elsie Parrot, Ray McCullough. Wisconsin, Josie Matthews, Robert Plasburg. Michigan, Henry Chaney, Mary Kent. Minnesota, Louis Byington, Irene Kelley. Missouri, Ruth Bean, Walter Gilbert. Arkansas, Wayland Bagley, Beatrice Hall. Louisiana, Mary Andrews, Ward Maderia, Texas, Demetrio Jeffry, Florence Wallace, Roy Higgins. Oklahoma, Vernon Chaney, Clarice Ellis, Kansas, Harrison Wren, Elsie Emmrich. Nebraska, Mildred White, Guido Scatena. North Dakota, Hazel Vitousek. South Dakota, Eva Thurman. Alfred McCutchen. Montana, Mayes, Herma Mothorn, Colorado, Ruth Ingalls, Fred Nelson. Utah, Eva Hendricks, Charles Phillips. Idaho, Earl Hicklin, Anna O'dell. Nevada,

Fred Goodwin, Horace Nichols. Washington, Loleta Flewelling, William Passalacqua. Oregon, Allen Eldridge, Luzerne Rine. California, Louise Doran, Edgar Briggs, Jean Tevendale.

TERRITORIES

NEW MEXICO—Benonia Jones Nellie Robinson.

ARIZONA—Beulah Jones, Theo Rosenberg.

PHILLIPINE ISLANDS—Charles Frost. Elvyra Lowrey.

HAWAII—Lenox Banks, Helen Rocker.

PORTO RICO—Clyde Rickman, Frieda Storey.

ALASKA—Arthur Clark, Elmer Sandborn.

COMMITTEE'S

INTERSTATE COMMERCE—Weaver Bagley (chairman), Genevive Mead, Harold Hiatt.

ARMY & NAVY—Edith Warren (chairman), Alfred McCutchen, William York.

FINANCE—Florence Upson, (chairman), Ora Mayes, Florence Wallace.

MILITARY & NAVAL AFFAIRS—Zella Rine, (chairman), Ruth Ingalls, Jean Tevendale.

MANUFACTURING—William Massoni, (chairman), Beulah Jones, Freda Story.

INDIAN AFFAIRS—Willard Morrison, (chairman), Benonia Jones, Clare Schwab.

JUDICIARY—Hazel Lodge, (chairman), Raymond Blackburn, Virginia Coleman.

TERRITORIES—Mary Levendusky (chairman), Earl Hicklin, Mildred White.

EDUCATION—Ethel Kruse (chairman) Fred Nelson, Ruth Hunter.

IRRIGATION—Bessie Flewelling (chairman), Alden Eldridge, Helen Hilgerloh.

CANALS & PUBLIC ROADS—Harold Phillips (chairman), Edna Haigh, Katherine Jones.

WAYS & MEANS—John Bruce (chairman) Lucile Byington, Charles Phillips.



EXCHANGE NOTES.



"THE COGSWELL", San Francisco.—Your cover and general appearance is so fine that it was with reluctance that we pursued the material, for fear it would not prove worthy. We were however greeted with a pleasant surprise, for your numerous departments all upheld our first opinion.

We are glad to note that in connection with your exchange department you "practice what you preach!"

"WALLACE WORD", Nashville, Tenn.—

The absence of cuts and an index are noted regretfully, but your splendid exchange column atones for the lack. We think the writer of the "Prophecy", which, by the way, constitutes nearly one-third of your paper, aptly described the piece in the last two lines of the ignorantly added "L' Envoi."

"ECHO", Santa Rosa, Cal.—Your Freshman number is very good, there being nothing green about it save its color.

"CRESCENT", Newberg, Oregon.—For an ordinary month's edition you would pass fairly, but could you not, with all your ads, afford something a little more festive for commencement?

"CROCUS"—One or two more cuts of a better quality, and better classified department would improve an already nice little paper.

"AEGIS", Oakland, Cal.—We do not approve of either prize or continued stories. Your art staff is especially efficient.

"SPECTATOR", Cloverdale, Cal.—We are sorry for the slight of which you complain and will try not to let the omission occur again. Your commencement issue is very good.

"THE ILEX", Woodland, Cal.—Our Verdict, "Just as good as ever—and better."

It's rather a large undertaking to produce a creditable bi-monthly, but if you think you can meet the task, here are our best wishes!

"TIGER", San Francisco.—Your Rugby issue is very good in nearly every respect. We are not from Missouri, as you kindly suggest, but from the same state as yourself. We would like to call your attention to the fact that here it is you who have to be "shown", as the papers we send out clearly state the locality from which we hail!

"ARGUS", Shelton, Conn.—We appreciated very much your article on "The Educational Influences of American Women." The picture of the Senior class looks bad, placed in the back and surrounded with ads.

"WAH HOO", Allegheny, Pa.—If good surroundings influence character, your paper should be influenced more by your beautiful building. You give too much prominence to your "Giggles" department. It occupies nearly one-fourth of your last paper. On the whole, however, we like you. Come again.

"ENTERPRISE", Petaluma.—We will not attempt to criticize you. You are too good!

J O S H E S

DON'T FEEL HURT IF YOU ARE HIT

W. R. '13: "Did not see, yet did not miss the point when he sat on the pin! ? ! ?"

There, there, little Freshie do not cry,
You will be a suffer-more by and bye. EX.

"Sheep are head-strong animals," remarked the tramp after the ram had lifted him over the fence.

"There is at least one honest forger."

"Who?"

"The blacksmith."

Teacher: "A desert is a barren place where nothing can grow, now give us an example,"
Freshie: "Father's head."

W. B. '12, (Phy IV) sitting back of Z. R. scraped his feet on her chair.

Z. R. '12 (Turning around) "Oh, dear, stop that!"

Teacher: "Charles, tell what you know of the Mongolian race."

Freshie: "I wasn't there. I went to the baseball game."

You may blot out the heavens
But you can't phase a Freshie,
Cover up the sun but
You can't scorch a Sophie,
Wipe out the stars but
You can't stop a Junior.
But turn off the gas and
Then watch a Senior.

EX.

Mr. H. (to W. R. '13) "What are you eating?"

R. W. "Nothing."

Mr. H. "Well, stop chewing it then."

Miss Jarmon (Hist II to V. M. '13) "How was Lewis Empire divided after his death?"
V. M. '13, "Charles got what is now France, Lewis got the part next to the rind (Rhine), and Lothair got the part between."

"We are first in everything," said the American. Soon after he took a walk and fell asleep by the way-side where the grass was dry, while in his hand he held a lighted cigar. The grass caught fire. On waking he exclaimed, "Just as I said, first here too!"

At the reception

I had a conception

A Freshie was hurt when he said to me,

"I fell on the floor

Fifty times or more."

But when I asked, "Only my feelings,"

Said he!

In Spring I often notice this earth all seems to find,

The right amount of green, all suited to its kind.

And then I also notice that when it comes to Fall,

It has to give it up again—the Freshies take it all! EX.



Miss Harmon (Latin II, talking to Theo) "I do not know of a noun or an adjective to express what I think of you. No matter where you go you upset everything and everybody about you."

T. R. '14, "Well if I sat on the roof would I upset the school house? ! !"

Two little urchins were walking down an alley, when a woman called for her children who were in the street. One little fellow started to her then the other cried out :

"Her ain't callin' we; us don't belong to she!"

Katie Jones
Broke her bones
Riding over cobble stones

Majorie Kent
Would have went
Had she had an extra cent!

Fatty, the Freshman, is known by all,
Because he's so big, and not very small
Eatibus smilibus, ipse dixit,
Pinguissimas, he was fixit.

Scribble, scriptere, scribbler, serispit,
Anybody knows that, ipse dixit
Non nullus feirt Latin verbus
Just to tease us and disturbus
Freshmen please don't trouble headum
You're too young, just go to bedum

Mr. H. (U. S. Hist) "Name some of the natural food products of America."

J. B. '12. "Lumber."

Miss L. (Eng IV) "What kind of people slept in the church-yard graves, Gray's "Elegy?"

D. J. "Dead people."

Freshie: "What makes the boys in Phy. IV like to play with a mirror?"

Senior girl: "Their looks, child."

G. H. '12 (translating) "Thr kaptchel schwamm nur kaum uber den spichen dem farnkrauter."

"Her little head swam above the tops of the ferns."

O. M. (Hist IV) "John Cabot died, and then his son Sebastipool sailed back to England."

Ask the Senior girls when the Order of the Garter was founded.

Soph: "He handed the girl over a glass of water."

Freshie: "Was the girl very heavy?"

"Last night as I was sleeping

A mus sang to me,
Right thru my open window

So beautifully," said she.

"Amus who?" cried he

With rising jealousy.

"Oh! only a mosquito, dear,"

Said she!

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----------------------------------	--	----------------------------------

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SURELY

"This," said a teacher to her class in arithmetic, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit too." She showed them a ruler, a flower, and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and holding up the peel, said, "Now children, what is this?" Silence. "Come, you know what it is," she urged. Little Bill's hand went up slowly, "Well, William," said the teacher.

"Pleathe, ma'am, the thkin of a unit!"

HOW "KISS" IS PARSED

Kiss is a noun, though used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular. It is used in the plural-number, and generally agrees with me.

Ex.

A school-paper's a great invention,
 The staff gets all the fame,
 The printer gets the money,
 And the editor gets the blame.

Ex

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A young man, home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and solemnly said: "Sis., do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, tain't," said Sis.

"Yes, it is," declared the young man.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

If a girl with a needle can make a bed tick,
 And thousands of people have seen a cake walk;

If a boy with a jack knife can make a drum stick,

And multitudes often have heard the chalk talk;

If these things are true, then please tell me why
 You should doubt when I say I have seen a house fly.

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